



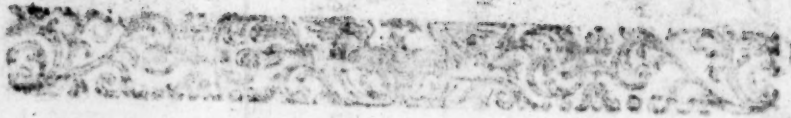
LOVE in a FOREST.



COMEDY.



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LOVE IN A FOREST.



COMEDY.



LOVE in a FOREST. A COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,
By His Majesty's Servants.

Nostra nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia.

By Mr. Johnson. K *(Charles)*



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. CHETWOOD at Cato's-Head in
Russel-street, Covent-Garden; and THO. EDLIN,
at the *Prince's-Arms*, over-against *Exeter-Exchange*
in the *Strand*. 1723. (Price 1 s. 6 d.)

Just Publish'd, The Compromise, or Faults on both Sides
A Comedy,

LOVE in a FOREST.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in Drury Lane,

By His Majesty's Servants.

Printed and Sold by T. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.



LONDON.

Printed by W. CHURCHWOOD in Great-Britain,
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The Price is 1s. 6d. (Price 1s. 6d.)

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A. 1795.



TO THE
Worshipful Society
OF
FREE-MASONS.



ERMIT me, my Brethren, most
humbly to beg your Protection for
the following Scenes.

Since to flatter you, and not to
speak Truth wou'd, on this Occasion, be equally
impertinent; give me Leave only to say: If
encouraging and being instructed in useful Arts,
if Humanity, Charity, Humility, in a Word,
if all these social Virtues which raise and im-
prove the Mind of Man are Praise-worthy,
your

your Society have a Right to demand the Applause of Mankind.

You have taught all Nations one Idiom, which, at the same Time that it gives a mutual Understanding, inspires a mutual Benevolence, removes every Prejudice of a distant Sun and Soil, and no Man can be a Foreigner who is a Brother.

If it were not below the Dignity of the Brotherhood to boast what the Vulgar call Honours and Distinctions, you cou'd give a List of Royal Names, not only the first in Britain, but in Europe, have been proud to wear the Badge of your Order, and who have held themselves distinguished even amidst the Glories that surrounded them, by having the Honour to call the Members of your Society Brethren; and it was owing only to the Unhappiness of her Sex that a most Illustrious Princess of our own cou'd not be admitted, and if her Curiosity was piqued at not knowing a Secret, perhaps it was the only Point in her whole Reign that ever the Woman got the better of the Queen.

It must be own'd your Society hath Enemies, as the wisest, the greatest, and most virtuous Communities have ever had, and
must

DEDICATION. vii

must have, for Ignorance is the Mother of Malice as well as of Devotion, and if malevolent and wrong-headed People will revile what they confess they do not understand, their Ill-nature recoils and hurts only their own Breasts: This, my Brethren, we have to say, and let us speak it boldly tho' not vainly, tho' there hath yet been no other Sanction invented by the Wit of Man, the Wisdom of Law-givers, or the Policy of Princes, but what hath been frequently and openly broke into, yet our very Enemies, who have the least Candor, confess the Secrets of the Masonary have been kept inviolable, and that too, during the Course of many Ages, among People of all Distinctions, Religions, and Nations in the known World.

I am, my Brethren,

With the greatest Respect and Duty,

Your most Obedient and devoted

Brother and Servant,

Charles Johnson.

DEDICATION

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Frederick, the usurping Duke,</i>	—	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Alberto, the banish'd Duke,</i>	—	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Jagues,</i>	} two Friends to Alberto,	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Amiens,</i>		<i>Mr. Cory.</i>
<i>Oliver,</i>	} three Brothers,	<i>Mr. Thurmmond.</i>
<i>Orlando,</i>		<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Roberto,</i>		<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
<i>Adam, an old Servant to Orlando,</i>		<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Le Ben,</i>	—	<i>Mr. Theo. Cibber.</i>
<i>Charles,</i>	} Master of the Duke's } Academy,	<i>Mr. W. Mills.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Rosalind,</i>	—	<i>Mrs. Booth.</i>
<i>Calia,</i>	—	<i>Mrs. Thurmmond.</i>
<i>Hymen,</i>	—	<i>Miss Linder.</i>

In the Mock-Play.

<i>Pyramus,</i>	—	<i>Mr. Penkethman.</i>
<i>Thisby,</i>	—	<i>Mrs. Miller.</i>
<i>Wall,</i>	—	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Lion,</i>	—	<i>Mr. Wilson.</i>
<i>Moonshine,</i>	—	<i>Mr. Ray.</i>

Lords, Foresters, Gentlemen, Guards, Singers and
Dancers.

SCENE, *Liege, and the Forest of Arden.*



LOVE in a FOREST.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden.

Orlando and Adam entring.

Orlando.



YOU may remember, *Adam*,
my Father bequeath'd me by
Will but a poor 1000 Crowns,
and, as thou say'st, charg'd
my Brother on his Blessing to
breed me well; and there be-
gins my Sadness: My Brother *Robert* he keeps at
School, and Report speaks goldenly of his Profit;
for my Part, he keeps me rustically at Home, or to
speak more properly, stays me here at Home un-
kept; for call you that Keeping for a Gentleman
of my Birth, that differs not from the Stalling of
an Ox? His Horses are bred better, for besides that
they are fair with their Feeding, they are taught
their Menage, and to that End Riders dearly hir'd:

B

But

But I, his Brother, gain nothing under him but Growth, for the which his Animals on his Dung-hills are as much bound to him as I; besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something that Nature gave me, his Countenance seems to take from me, he lets me feed with his Hinds, bars me the Place of a Brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my Gentility with my Education. This it is, *Adam*, that grieves me, and the Spirit of my Father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny at this Servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise Remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your Brother.

Orl. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oliver. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliver. What, mar you then, Sir?

Orl. I am helping you to mar that which Heav'n made, a poor unworthy Brother of yours, with Idleness.

Oliver. Be better employ'd, Sir, and be Naught a-while.

Orl. Shall I keep your Hogs, and eat Husks with them? What prodigal Portion have I spent, that I should come to such Penury?

Oliver. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orl. Oh! Sir, very well, here in your Garden.

Oliver. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orl. Aye, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest Brother, and in the gentle Condition of Blood you shou'd so know me: The Courtesy of Nations allows you my better, in that you are the First-born; but the same Tradition

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He takes not away my Blood, were there twenty Brothers betwixt us; I have as much of my Father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is something nearer to his Reverence.

Oliver. What, Boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder Brother, you are too young in this. [Laying his Hand on his Collar.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay Hands on me, Villain?

Orl. I am no Villain: I am the younger Son of Sir Rowland du Bois, he was my Father, and he is thrice a Villain, [shaking him] that says such a Father begot Villains. Wert thou not my Brother, I wou'd not take this Hand from thy Throat, till this other had pull'd out thy Tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet Master be patient, for your Father's Remembrance be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: You shall hear me. My Father charg'd you in his Will to give me good Education: You have train'd me up like a Peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all Gentleman-like Qualities; the Spirit of my Father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such Exercises as may become a Gentleman, or give me the poor Allotment my Father left me by Testament; with that I will buy my Fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do, beg when that is spent? Well, Sir, get you in, I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some Part of your Will, I pray you leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my Good.

Oliver to Adam. Get you with him, you Old Dog.

Adam. Is Old Dog my Reward? Most true I have lost my Teeth in your Service: Heav'n be with

my Old Master, he wou'd not have spoke such a Word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oliver. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will Physick your Rankness, and yet give no 1000 Crowns neither. Holla! *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oliver. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Fencer and Master of his Academy, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the Door, and desires Access to you.

Oliver. Call him in; 'twill be a good Way; — to Morrow! — “No, to Day if it may be.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good Morrow, Sir.

Oliver. Good Monf. *Charles*, what's the News at the new Court?

Char. There's no News at the Court, Sir, but the old News; that is the old Duke is banished by his younger Brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords have put themselves into a voluntary Exile with him, whose Lands and Revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them Leave to wander.

Oliver. Can you tell if *Rosalind*, the Duke's Daughter, be banish'd with her Father.

Char. Oh no, for the Duke's Daughter, her Cousin, so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that she wou'd have follow'd her Exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no less belov'd of her Uncle than his own Daughter, and never two Ladies lov'd as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old Duke live?

Char.

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Char. He is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry Men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they say many young Gentlemen have follow'd his Exile, and fleet the Time carelessly as they did in the Golden World: Nay, the very Mechanicks, and Labourers in Handicraft leave every Day their Occupations, and this populous City of *Liege*, and flock to visit their exil'd Sovereign, as they call him.

Oliver. I am sorry for it, but I find the Factions against our Duke increase daily; and I must tell thee, *Charles*, for I have set thee down my Friend, my domestic Concerns are mingled with my Cares for the publick; for my Brother, my younger Brother *Orlando* ——— But art thou my Friend? ———

Char. If you have set me down your Friend, I must tell you, I have set down the many Obligations that made me so.

Oliver. But art thou the Duke's Friend?

Char. He is my Royal Master, and my Life is his.

Oliver. Why then, *Charles*, I will prove thee no farther; my Brother *Orlando*, as I was saying, has long had a Design to practice against me, by Poison, but this, unnatural as it is, is the least of his Accusations: He is likewise enrolled with and attached to a very dangerous Knot of the Family and Friends of the banish'd Duke.

Char. How, Sir!

Oliver. This I am beyond Doubt assured of, this I know; now if thou wilt upon my Honour, which, with a Gentleman is equal at least to the Sanctity of an Oath, appeal him instantly of this Treason to the Duke, for the Plot is too ripe, too near Execution to admit the least Delay; as I will unfold it to thee hereafter: I say, if thou wilt appeal him instantly of this Treason before the Duke, and answer it in single Duel with thy Rapier, of which

Skill, as of all other Gentlemanly Exercises, he is mainly ignorant, thou may'st happily win an undangerous Victory, and not only I, but the whole State be deliver'd from a very dangerous and hated Enemy.

Char. But if I undertake this and miscarry, as the most skilful may, ought my Family, which will be by this Means out of the Protection of the Duke, wholly to have their Reliance on your future Gratitude.

Oliver. Here is my Purse, use it, thou shalt have more, and often; doubt not thy Success, publick Preferment will await thee; when, besides the Atchievement of conquering an avow'd Traitor, thou shalt be proclaim'd the Patron and Protector of *Frederick Duke of Burgundy*.

Char. And yet, methinks, it goes somewhat against me, this Gentleman, *Orlando*, has such a generally approv'd and unsoil'd Name.

Oliver. I know the Vulgar doat on him, he is one of their Errors, a staunch Hypocrite: Thou must think how much against my Heart it runs, thus to accuse my own Blood: But I assure thee, and almost with Tears I speak it, there is not One so young and so villainous this Day living: I speak but Brotherly of him, but should I Anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush, and weep, and thou must look pale and tremble.

Char. You have warm'd me; I will accuse him instantly to the Duke, and call him to the Combat; if I do not give him the Reward both of his Parricide and his Treason, may my good Heart, and my good Sword both fail me: Farewel. [Exit Charles.]

Oliver. Farewel good *Charles*, and Heav'n prosper thee — Well, very well; now surely I shall see an End of this *Orlando*; for my Soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than him, yet he is gentle; and tho' never School'd, yet learn'd, and full of noble Device; of all Sorts inchantingly belov'd,
and

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and indeed so much the Heart of the World; and especially of my own People, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised, but this Fencer shall clear all, and that without Delay: I will immediately give another Lift to put this Wheel in Motion.

Exit Oliver.

A Chamber in the Duke's Palace.

Rosalind and Celia.

Celia. I prithee *Rosalind*, sweet my Cofin be merry.

Rof. Dear *Celia*, I show more Mirth than I am Mistress of; and wou'd you yet I were merrier? Unless you cou'd teach me to forget the Duke my Father, the banish'd Duke, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary Pleasure.

C. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full Weight that I love thee.

Rof. Well, I will forget the Condition of my Estate, to rejoice in thine.

C. You know my Father hath no Child but me, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou shall be his Heir; for what he hath taken away from thy Father by Force, I will render thee again in Affection; by my Honour I will, and when I break that Oath let me turn Monster: Therefore my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose*, be merry.

Rof. From henceforth I will, Cofin, and devise Sports; let me see, What think you of falling in Love?

C. Marry, I prithee do to make Sport withal; but love no Man in good earnest, nor no farther in Sport neither, than with Safety of a pure Blush thou may'st in Honour come off again.

Rof. What shall be the Sport then?

B 4

C. Let

Ca. Let us sit and mock the good Housewife *Fortune* from her Wheel, that her Gifts may henceforth be bestow'd equally.

Ros. I wou'd we cou'd do so, for her Benefits are mightily misplac'd, and the bountiful blind Woman does most mistake in her Gifts to Women.

Ca. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest, she makes very Ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from *Fortune's* Office, to *Nature's*: *Fortune* reigns in Gifts of the World, not in the Lineaments of Nature —

Ca. No, when *Nature* hath made a fair Creature may she not by *Fortune* fall into the Fire: But soft a while, here comes *Monfieur Le-Beu*.

Enter Le-Beu.

Ros. With his Mouth full of News.

Ca. Which he will put upon us as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be News cram'd.

Ca. All the better, we shall be the more Marketable.

Le-Beu. Fair Princesses, if you stay here you are like to lose much Sport.

Ca. Sport! of what Colour?

Le-Beu. What Colour, Madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As Wit and Fortune will.

Ca. Or as the Destinies decree.

Le-Beu. I was sent to inform you of the single Combat that is to be perform'd before the whole Court this Morning, indeed instantly; the Lists are prepar'd, the Combatants arm'd, the Duke and his Nobles present, the Heralds ready to sound, and nothing wanting but the Grace of your Noble Personages, most sweet Ladies, to make the Sport most gracious,

Ros. It

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Ros. It is the first Time I ever heard Cutting of Throats was Sport for Ladies.

Le-Ben. Thus ev'ry thing being appointed, the Warriors impatient, and the Circumstances of Affairs—

Ros. Not to make your Words stumble in the Middle of their Career, pray, Monsieur, between whom, and upon what Cause is this Blood to be shed on one Side, or both.

Le-Ben. Why thus, Ladies: *Charles* the Master of the Duke's Academy hath impeach'd of Treason *Orlando*, a younger Son of old Sir *Rowland du Bois*.

Ros. I have heard much of that old Gentleman, his eminent Worth was approv'd by general Voice, albeit he was thy Father's profess'd Enemy, *Celia*.

Cæ. Well, Cousin, shall we see this Combat?

Ros. Custom sanctifies every Thing, or else how odd wou'd appear this judicial Trial by the Rapier of what is Right, or Wrong.

Cæ. If a Man of Courage cou'd not be a Knave, nor a Coward Virtuous, a Fencing-Master wou'd make an excellent Chancellor.

Ros. And a Prize-Fighter a very good Chief Justice.

Cæ. Yet so it is, and our Laws hold Decrees of this Sort to be as sacred and inviolable, as if Heaven were oblig'd to declare for the more Sinewy Arm.

Le-Ben. Ladies, shall I have the Honour to attend you?

Cæ. You shall Sir, we will see this State Duel in all its Forms. [Exitunt.]

SCENE the Lists.

Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Musick, a Throne &c. Frederick the Usurper, Lords on each Side the Throne, Cælia, Rosalind, and Ladies in their Seats, &c.

Duke. Marshall, have you demanded of the Champions

The

The Cause of their Arrival here, in Arms?

Marsh. My Liege, I have, each hath accused the other,

As a false Traitor to his King and Country,
They are appointed equal, search'd and sworn,
Each to defend the Justice of his Cause.

Duke. Then let them enter ———

Marsh. Trumpets, sound a Call, ———
And summon both the Champions to the Lifts.

*Trumpets sound, Enter at opposite Doors Orlando
and Charles.*

Char. Grant me the Combat, my most gracious
Liege.

Orl. And me, my Lord, grant me the Combat too.

Duke. Say, Gentlemen, what makes you thus
exclaim?

And wherefore claim you Combat, and with whom?

Char. First Heaven be the Record to my Speech,
In the Devotion of a Subject's Love,
And free from other misbegotten Hate,
Come I, appellant to my Royal Master.

Now young *Orlando* do I turn to thee,
And mark my Greeting well, for what I speak
My Body shall make good upon this Earth,
Or my divine Soul answer it in Heaven.

Thou art a Traitor and a Miscreant,
And with (so please my Sovereign) e're I move,
What my Tongue speaks, my right drawn sword
may prove.

Orl. Let not my cooler Words accuse my Zeal,
'Tis not the Trial of a Woman's War,
The bitter Clamour of two eager Tongues,
Can arbitrate this Cause between us two,
The Blood is hot that must be shed for this.

First, the fair Reverence of this Presence curbs me
From giving Reins and Freedom to my Speech,

Else

Else would I doubly thus in Virtue bold,
Return the Traitor, and the Miscreant;
And add a slanderous Coward, and a Villain;
Which to maintain, I wou'd allow him Odds,
And meet him, tho' oblig'd to run on Foot,
Ev'n to the frozen Ridges of the Alps,
Or any other Ground inhabitable,
Where ever honest Man durst set a Foot.

Cæ. aside to Ros. How gracefully he deliver'd his Words, with an honest Warmth and Modesty.

Ros. And yet with a Spirit right and brave as Hercules.

Cæ. If he acquits himself as well with his Sword.

Ros. Doubt it not, doubt it not.

Marsh. On Pain of Death no Person be so bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lifts,
Except the *Marshall*, and such Officers,
Appointed to direct these fair Designs.

Ros. to Cæ. Ah *Calia*! I am not concern'd in this Quarrel, am I? No, no, and yet my Heart says otherwise, wou'd I were invisible, to hold that Fencer's Arm but a Moment.

Cæ. If I had a Thunder-bolt in my Hand I cou'd tell who should fall.

Marsh. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.

[Trumpets sound.]

Char. Come, Sir, I'll whip you from your foining Fence,

Spight of your *May* of Youth and Bloom of Blood.

Orl. You promise well, come on, Sir, this to try How well your Acts and Words agree. [they fight,

[Charles is wounded by Orlando, and falls,

Duke. Part 'em ——— No more of this; He bleeds, he faints, how doest thou, *Charles*.

Le-Beu. He can not speak, my Liege,

Duke. Bear him away; What is thy Name young Man?

Orl.

Orl. Orlando, Sir, a younger Son of Sir *Rowland du Bois*.

Duke. I wou'd thou hadst been Son to some Man else,

The World esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him still mine Enemy;
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this Deed,
Hadst thou descended from another House;
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant Youth:
I wou'd thou hadst told me of another Father.
Now break we up the Lifts; *Marshal*, Record
The Appeal, and the Success.

[*Exit Duke and Attendants.*]

Orlando, *Cælia*, *Rosalind*, *Le-Beu*.

Orl. Yes, I am proud to be Sir *Rowland's* Son,
His younger Son, nor wou'd I change that Name,
To be adopted Heir to *Frederick*.

Ros. to Cæ. My Father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his
Soul,

'And all the World was of my Father's Mind;
Had I before known this young Man, his Son,
I should have added Tears unto my Wishes
For his Success.

Cæ. ——— Gentle Cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him,
My Father's rough and envious Disposition
Sticks me at Heart: [*to Orl.*] Sir, you have well
deserv'd,

If you do keep your Promises in Love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all in Prowess,
Your Mistress will be happy.

Ros. Sir, you will wear this for me:

[*giving him a Favour.*]

One out of Fortune's Favour that wou'd give more,
but that her Hand lack Means. Shall we go,
Cousin?

Cæ. Aye!

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Cæ. Aye! — Fare you well, Sir.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better Parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a Statue, a meer Lifeless Block.

Ros. returning. He calls us back: My Pride fell
with my Fortunes,
I'll ask him what he wou'd — Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have fought it well, and overthrown
More than your Enemies.

Cæ. Will you go, Cousin?

Ros. Have with you — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Cælia and Rosalind.*]

Orlando, Le-Beu.

Orl. What Passion hangs these Weights upon my
Tongue,
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged Conference,
Oh! poor *Orlando*, thou art overthrown,
And something, weaker than *Charles*, masters thee:
I pray ye tell me, Sir, which of these Ladies
Is Daughter to the Duke?

Le-Beu. Neither his Daughter, if we judge by
Manners;

But yet, indeed, the taller is his Daughter,
The other is Daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his Daughter Company, whose Loves
Are dearer than the natural Bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en Displeasure against his gentle Niece,
Grounded upon no other Argument
But that the People praise her for her Virtues,
And pity her for her good Father's Sake;
And, on my Life, his Malice 'gainst the Lady
Will suddenly break forth: Sir, fare you well
Hereafter in a better World than this,
I shall desire more Love and Knowledge of you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Chamber.

Celia and Rosalind.

Ca. Why, Cousin! why, *Rosalind!* Cupid have Mercy! Not a Word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a Dog.

Ca. No; thy Words are too precious to be thrown away upon Curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with Reasons! But is all this Melancholly for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my Child's Father: Oh! how full of Briers is this Working-day World.

Ca. They are but Burrs, Cousin, thrown upon thee in Holy-day Foolery; if we walk in the trodden Paths our very Petticoats will catch 'em.

Ros. I could shake them off my Coat; these Burrs are in my Heart.

Ca. Hem them away.

Ros. I wou'd try, if I cou'd cry Hem, and have him.

Ca. Come, come, you must, like a good Christian, War with your Affections.

Ros. Alas! they take the Part of a better Warrior than myself.

Ca. Is it then possible, that so suddenly you should fall into so strange a liking of old Sir Rowland's younger Son?

Ros. The Duke my Father loved his Father dearly.

Ca. Does it therefore ensue that you should love his Son dearly? By this Kind of Chase, I should hate him, for my Father hated his Father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith! hate him not for my Sake.

Ca. Why should I not? Does he not deserve it?

Enter

Love in a Forest.

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Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do; look ye, here comes the Duke, your Father,

Cæ. With his Eyes full of Anger.

Duke to Ros. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest Haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me! Uncle?

Duke. You, Cousin; if thou art found within ten Days, so near our publick Court as twenty Miles, thou diest for it.

Ros. ——— I do beseech your Grace, Let me the Knowledge of my Fault bear with me, If with myself I hold Intelligence, Or have acquaintance with my own Desires, If that I do not dream, or be not frantick, Never so much as in a Thought unborn Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. ——— Thus do all Traitors, If their Purgation did consist in Words, They are as innocent as Grace itself; Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your Mistrust can not make me a Traitor, Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends?

Duke. Thou art thy Father's Daughter, that's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his Dukedom, So was I when your Highness banish'd him, Treason is not inherited, my Lord.

Cæ. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Aye, *Calia*, we stay'd her for your Sake, Else had she with her Father rang'd along, I will not be intreated, not a Word,

Firm

Firm and irrevocable is the Doom
Which I have pass'd upon her, she is banish'd.

Cæ. Pronounce that Sentence then on me, my
Liege,
I can not live out of her Company.

Duke. You are a Fool ——— You, Niece, provide
yourself,
If you out stay the Time, upon my Honour,
And in the Greatness of my Word, you die.

Exit Duke and Lord.

Cælia and Rosalind.

Cæ. Oh my poor *Rosalind*! whither wou't thou go,
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more Cause.

Cæ. ——— Thou hast not, Cousin,
Prithee be chearful, knowest thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his Daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cæ. No! Hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the Love
Which should teach her that she and I are one,
Shall we be fundred? Shall we part sweet Girl?
No, let my Father seek another Heir:
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take the Charge upon you,
To bear your Grievs yourself, and leave me out;
For by this Heaven, now as our Sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st I'll go along with thee.

Ros. ——— Why whither shall we go?

Cæ. To seek my Uncle, in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas! what Danger will it be to us,
(Maids as we are) to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh Thieves sooner than Gold.

Cæ. I'll put myself in poor and mean Attire,
And with a Kind of Umber smut my Face,

The

Love in a Forest.

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The like do you, so shall we pass along
And never stir Assailants.

Ros. ——— Were it not better,
That I did suit me in all Points like a Man,
A gallant Cutlass by my Side,
A Boar-Spear in my Hand, and in my Heart,
Lie there what hidden Woman's Fear there will,
We'll have a Swaggering and Martial Outside,
As many other Mannish Cowards have
That do out-face it with their Semblances.

Cæ. What shall I call thee, when thou art a Man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a Name than *Jove's* own
Page,

And therefore, look you, call me, *Ganymede*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cæ. Something that has a Reference to my State,
No longer *Calia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. ——— Let's away,
And get our Jewels and our Wealth together,
Devise the fittest, and the safest Way
To hide us from Pursuit that will be made
After my Flight: Now go we in Content
To Liberty, and not to Banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First ACT.



C

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

OLIVER's House.

Orlando and Adam.

Orl. **W**HO's there?

Adam. What, my young Master; Oh my gentle Master,
 Oh my sweet Master! Oh you Memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! — Why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? Why do People love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why wou'd you be so fond to overcome
 The bonny Prizer of the humourous Duke?
 Your Praise is come too swiftly Home before you:
 Know you not, Master, to some kind of Men
 Their Graces serve them but as Enemies,
 No more do yours; your Virtues, gentle Master,
 Are sanctify'd, and holy Traitors to you:
 Oh, what a World is this! when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it.

Orl. Why, what's the Matter?

Adam. — Oh, unhappy Youth,
 Come not within these Doors, beneath this Roof
 The Enemy of all your Graces lives;
 Your Brother, no, no Brother, yet the Son
 (Yet not the Son, I will not call him Son)
 Of him I was about to call his Father,
 Hath heard your Praises, and this Night he means
 To burn the Lodging where you us'd to lie,

And

Love in a Forest.

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And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other Means to cut you off;
I over-heard him and his Practices;
This is no Place, this House is but a Butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why whither, *Adam*, wou'd'st thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wou'd'st thou have me go and beg my Food;

Or with a base and boisterous Hand inforce
A Thievish Living on the Common Road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can:

I rather will subject me to the Malice

Of a diverted Blood, and bloody Brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred Crowns,
The thrifty Hire I saved under your Father,
Which I did Store to be my Foster Nurse
When Service shou'd in my old Limbs lie lame,
And unregarded Age in Corners thrown:
Take that — And He that doth the Ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be Comfort to my Age; here is the Gold,
All this I give you, let me be your Servant,
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my Youth I never did apply
Hot and Rebellious Liquors to my Blood,
Nor did I with unbashful Forehead woe
The Means of Weakness and Debility;
Therefore my Age is as a lusty Winter,
Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the Service of a younger Man,
In all your Business, and Necessities.

Orl. Oh good Old Man! how well in thee appears
The constant Service of the Antique World,
When Service sweat for Duty, not for Need;
Thou art not for the Fashion of these Times,

Love in a Forest.

Where none will sweat but for Promotion;
 And having that, do choak their Service up
 Even with the having; it is not so with thee;
 But poor Old Man, thou prune'st a rotten Tree,
 That cannot so much as a Blossom yield
 In lieu of all thy Pains and Husbandry.

Enter Le-Beu.

So, Sir, what News from Court?

Le-Beu. Bad News towards you, *Orlando.*

Orl. Say it then, good *Le-Beu*,
 I have been hackney'd, worn in evil Fortune,
 And shall receive it with a constant Mind.

Le-Beu. The Duke, too jealous of his sickly State,
 Perhaps of your Desert, commands you go
 Within three Days after the Sight of this

[giving him an Order.]

Into perpetual Banishment, or else
 To suffer as a Traitor convict.

Orl. The jealous Duke prevents my Brother's
 Malice;

Behold, good *Adam*, that eternal Guard
 That watches and provides for all its Creatures,
 Warns us away to save us from Destruction;
 Thus what the Vulgar think Infliction, Pain,
 Is often a Reward, and Virtue's Merit:
 But come thy ways, we'll both along together,
 And e'er we have thy youthful Wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low Content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last Gasps, with Truth and Loyalty,
 From seventeen Years, till now almost fourscore;
 Here liv'd I, but now live here no more:
 At seventeen Years many their Fortunes seek,
 But at fourscore, it is too late a Week;
 Yet Fortune cannot recompence me better,
 Than to die well, and not my Master's Debtor.

[Exeunt.]

Love in a Forest.

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FREDERICK's Palace.

Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no Man saw 'em?
It can not be, some Villains of my Court
Are of Consent and Sufferance in this.

Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her:
Hesperia the Princess's Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly o're heard
Your Daughter and her Cousin much commend
The Parts and Graces of the young *Orlando*,
That did but lately foil the finewy *Charles*,
And she believes wherever they are gone
That Youth is surely in their Company.

Duke. Send to his Brother, fetch that Gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me;
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly,
And let no Search, no Inquisition quail;
Bring me again this foolish Runaway, [*Exeunt.*

The Forest of Arden, before the Duke's Cave.

Duke Alberto, Amiens, Jaques, and two or three Lords like Foresters.

Duke. Now my Comates and Brothers in Exile,
Hath not old Custom made this Life more sweet
Than that of painted Pomp? Are not these Woods
More free from Peril, than the envious Court?
Here we do feel the Penalty of *Adam*,
The Season's Difference, the Icy Phang,
And churlish chiding of the Winter's Wind:

C 3

Which,

Which, when it bites and blows upon my Body
Even till I shrink with Cold, I smile and say,
This is no Flattery: These are Councillours
Who feelingly perswade me what I am.

Amiens. ——— Happy is your Grace
That can translate the Stubborness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a Stile:
But, Sir, this Forest will become a City,
Your People quit the Tyrant's Court, and hither
Resort in Crouds; Mechanics of all Sorts
Petition to delight and serve your Grace;
They will obey you as their King and Father:
A double Tye of Duty.

Duke. ——— My Heart bleeds
When I reflect, good *Amiens*, that my Power
Is weaker than my Love; No more of this:
Come, shall we go and kill us Venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dapple Fools,
Being native Burghers of this Desert City,
Shou'd, in their own Confines, with forked Heads,
Have their round Haunches goar'd.

Jaques. Indeed, my Lord, it grieves me very
much,
And in that Kind, I swear you more usurp,
Than does your Brother, who hath banish'd you;
Mark well my Story and you'll find it so:
To Day, my Lord of *Amiens*, and myself,
Lay in the Shade of an old Druid Oak,
Whose antique venerable Root peeps out
Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood,
To which Place, a poor sequestred Stag,
That from the Hunter's Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans,
That their Discharge did stretch his leathern Coat
Almost to bursting, while the big round Drops
Cours'd one another down his innocent Nose
In piteous Chace; and thus the hairy Fool

Stood

Stood on the extreamest Verge of the swift Brook,
Augmenting it with Tears.

Duke. ——— Didst thou not Jaques?
Didst thou not moralize this Spectacle?

Jaques. Who cou'd behold it, Sir, and not reflect?
First, for his Weeping in the unwanting Stream;
Is it not plain he made a Testament
As Worldlings do, giving his Sum of more
To that which had too much: Anon a careless Herd,
Full of the Pasture, jumps along the Verdure,
And never stays to greet him; there you see
A Crowd of fat and greasy Citizens
Looking with Scorn on a poor ruin'd Bankrupt.
Are we not all Usurpers, Tyrants, worse,
To fright these Animals and kill them thus
In their assign'd and native Dwelling-Place.

Duke. ——— Shew me this Place,
There will we sweetly moralize together,
And make our Contemplations give at once
Delight, and Use. [Exeunt,

SCENE another Part of the Forest.

Rosalind, in Boys Cloaths, as Ganymede; Cælia,
dress'd like a Shepherdes, as Aliena.

Ros. Oh, Jupiter, how weary are my Spirits?

Cæ. I care not for my Spirits, if my Legs were
not tir'd.

Ros. I cou'd find in my Heart to disgrace my
Mans Apparel, and to cry like a Woman; but I
must comfort the weaker Vessel, as Hat and Breeches
ought to shew itself couragious to a Petticoat; there-
fore, Courage, good Aliena.

Cæ. I pray you bear with me, I can go no far-
ther.

Ros. Come, bear a Heart, Girl; there is a Creature [*Enter Sylvius*] looks like a Man, I'll question him if he for Gold will give us any Food — Holla, Friend.

Syl. Who calls?

Ros. Good, even to you, Friend.

Syl. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you both.

Ros. I prithee, Shepherd, if that Love, or Gold, Can in this Place buy any Entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed, Here's a young Maid with Travel much oppress'd, And faints for Succour.

Syl. ——— Fair Sir, I pity her, And wish for her Sake, more than for my own, My Fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am Shepherd to another Man, And do not sheer the Fleeces that I graze: My Master is of Churlish Disposition, And little cares to find the Way to Heaven By doing Deeds of Hospitality: Besides, his Coat, his Flocks, and Bounds of Feed, Are now on Sale; and at our Sheepcoat, yonder, By Reason of his Absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; if there is, you'll see, And in my Voice most Welcome shall you be.

Ros. I prithee, if it stand with Honesty, Buy thou the Cottage, Pasture, and the Flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cæ. ——— And we will mend thy Wages, I like this Place, and willingly wou'd spend My Time in it.

Syl. Assuredly the Thing is to be sold, Go with me, if you like, upon Report, The Soil, the Profit, and this kind of Life, I will your very faithful Feeder be, And buy it with your Gold.

[*Exeunt.*]

Orlando

Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear Master, I can go no farther:
Oh I die for Food: Here lie I down,
And Measure out my Grave; Farewel kind Master.

Orl. Why how now, *Adam*! No greater Heart in thee?

Live a little, Comfort a little, Chear thyself a little.
Thy Conceit is nearer Death, than thy Powers.
For my Sake be comfortable, hold Death a while
At Arms End: I will be here with you presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eat,
I will give thee Leave to die, but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a Mocker of my Labour.
Well said, thou look'st chearly,
And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou liest
In the bleak Air. Come I will bear the to some
Shelter,

And thou shalt not die for Lack of a Dinner, if
there live any Thing in this Desart: Chearly good
Adam. [Exit Orlando, leading Adam.

Duke Alberto, Amiens, and Nobles at a Banquet.

Duke. I think he is transform'd into a Beast,
For I can no where find him like a Man.

Amiens. My Lord, he is but even now gone
hence.

Duke. Pray seek him, tell him I wou'd speak
with him.

Amiens. He saves my Labour, by his own Ap-
proach. [Enter Jaques.

Duke. Why how now, Monsieur, What a Life is this?
That your poor Friends must woo your Company?
What, you look merrily!

Jaques. A Fool, a Fool, I met a Fool i'the Forest,
A motly Fool, a miserable World!

As

As I do live by Food; I met a Fool;
 Good Morrow, Fool, quoth I; no, Sir, quoth he,
 Call me not Fool, till Heaven hath sent me Fortune;
 And then he drew a Dial from his Poak;
 And looking on it with lack-lustre Eye,
 Says, very wisely, It is ten a Clock:
 Thus we may see, quoth he, how the World wags;
 'Tis but an Hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one Hour more, 'twill be eleven,
 And so from Hour to Hour we ripe, and ripe,
 And then from Hour to Hour we rot, and rot,
 And thereby hangs a Tale, Oh Noble Fool!
 A worthy Fool; Motley's your only wear.

Duke. What Fool is this?

Jaques. A worthy Fool! One that has been a
 Courtier,

And says, if Ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the Gift to know it; And in his Brain,
 Which is as dry as the Remainder Biscuit
 After a Voyage, he hath strange Places cram'd
 With Observation, the which he vents
 In mangled Forms. Oh that I were a Fool!
 I am ambitious of a Motley Coat.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. ——— It is my only Suit.

Enter Orlando, his Sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear to eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shall not till Necessity be serv'd.

Jaques. Of what Kind shou'd this Cock come?

Duke. Art thou thus 'bolden'd, Man, by thy Dis-
 tress?

Or else a rude Despiser of Good Manners,
 That in Civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my Vein at first; the Thorny
 Point

Of bare Distress hath ta'en from me the Shew
Of smooth Civility; yet am I Inland bred,
And know some Nurture: But forbear, I say,
He dies that touches any of this Fruit
Till I and my Affairs are answer'd.

Jaques. And you will not be answer'd with Reason, I must die.

Duke. ——— What wou'd you have?

Orl. I almost die for Food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our Table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you,

I thought that all Things had been Savage here,
And therefore put I on the Countenance
Of stern Commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this Desert, inaccessible,
Under the Shade of melancholly Boughs,
Lose, and neglect the creeping Hours of Time,
If ever you have look'd on better Days;
If ever been where Bells have knowl'd to Church;
If ever sat at any Good Man's Feast;
If ever from your Eyelids wiped a Tear;
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pity'd,
Let Gentleness my strong Enforcement be,
In the which Hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

Duke. True it is, that we have seen better Days,
And have with holy Bell been knowl'd to Church,
And sat at Good Men's Feasts, and wip'd our Eyes
Of Drops that sacred Pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in Gentleness,
And take upon Command what help we have,
That to your Wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your Food a little Time,
Whiles, like a Doe, I go to find my Fawn,
And give it Food. There is an Old poor Man
That after me hath many a weary Step
Limp'd in pure Love; till he be first sufficed,

Oppress'd

Oppress'd with two weak Evils, Age and Hunger;
I will not touch a Bit.

Duke. ——— Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank you, and be blest'd for your good
Comfort. [Exit Orlando.

Duke. Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy,
This wide and universal Theatre
Presents more woeful Pageants, than the Scene
Wherein we play.

Amiens. Some Citizens from *Liege*, some of the
many

Fled hither, Sir, for your Protection, beg by me
They may have Leave to entertain your Grace.

Duke. How is it they propose to entertain?

Amiens. A Play it shou'd be, Sir, what 'twill ap-
pear, I know not,
They have rehears'd it in the Wood this Morning.

Duke. And what the Subject?

Amiens. They call it, *A tedious brief Scene of*
young Pyramus and his Love Thisby; very tragical
Mirth.

Duke. Merry and Tragical, tedious and brief,
How shall we find the Concord of this Discord?—
Well, let them be ready before our Cave in the
Evening; there they shall represent it; this Thea-
trical Performance will stir thy Gall, *Jaques*.

Jaques. ——— Not at all;
He that can reflect wants not these Mirrours:
All the World's a Stage,
And all the Men and Women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one Man in his Time plays many Parts;
His Life being seven Ages: At first the Infant
Mewling and Peking in the Nurse's Arms:
And then the whining School-boy with his Satchel
And shining Morning Face, creeping like Snail
Unwillingly to School: And then the Lover

Sighing

Sighing like Furnace, with a woeful Ballad
Made to his Mistress's Eyebrow; Then a Soldier
Full of strange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in Honour, sudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the Bubble Reputation ———
Even in the Cannon's Mouth, And then the Justice
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lined,
With Eyes severe, and Beard of formal Cut,
Full of wise Saws, and modern Instances,
And so he plays his Part: The sixth Age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon
With Spectacles on Nose and Pouch on Side;
His youthful Hose well sav'd a World too wide
For his shrunk Shank, and his big manly Voice
Turning again toward Childish treble Pipes,
And whistles in his Sound: Last Scene of all
That ends this strange eventful History,
Appears in Nerves unbrac'd, Reflection lost,
A second Childishness, and meer Oblivion.

Enter Orlando, leading Adam

Duke. Welcome, here rest your venerable Bur-
then,
And let him feed ———

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. ——— So had you Need,
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke. Welcome, fall too, I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your Fortunes.
Give us some Musick ———

S O N G.

Love in a Forest.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.
 Thou art not so unkind, as Man's Ingratitude;
 Thy Tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy Breath be rude.
 Freeze, Freeze, thou bitter Sky, that does not bite
 (so high
 As Benefits forgot:
 Tho' thou the Waters warp, thy Sting is not so
 (sharp,
 As Friend remember'd not.

Duke, If that you are the good Sir Rowland's Son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you are,
 And as mine Eye doth his Effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd, and living in your Face,
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
 That lov'd your Father, the Residue of your Fortune,
 Go to my Cave and tell me. — Good old Man
 Thou art right welcome, as thy Master is;
 Support him by the Arm; give me your Hand,
 And let me all your Fortunes understand.

The End of the second ACT.

4 AP 54



The



The Third A C T.

SCENE the Forest.

Orlando, a Paper of Verses in his Hand.

Orl. fixing the Paper on a Tree. **H**Ang there my Verse, in Witness of my Love;
And thou thrice crowned Queen of Night survey
With thy chaste Eye, from thy pale Sphere above,
Thy Huntress Name that my full Life doth sway.
Oh, *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Books,
And in their Barks my Thoughts I'll Character,
That every Eye which in this Forest looks
Shall see thy Virtue witness'd every where;
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every Tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[Exit Orlando.]

SCENE continues. *Rosalind and Celia.*

C&. What have you there? [Rof. takes the Paper Orlando had hung on the Tree.]

Rof. More Rhymes, Cofin.

C&. Aye! read them, read them.

Rof. reads. From the East to Western Inde

No Jewel is like *Rosalind*,

Her Worth being mounted on the Wind,

Thro' all the World bears *Rosalind*;

All the Pictures fairest lin'd,

Are but black to *Rosalind*;

Let

Let no Face be kept in Mind
But the Face of *Rosalind*.

Cæ. Heyday; I'll Rhyme you so eight Years together, Dinners and Suppers, and Sleeping Times excepted: For a Taste,

If a Hart does lack a Hind,
Let him seek out *Rosalind*;
If the Cat will after Kind,
So be sure will *Rosalind*;
Winter Garments must be lin'd,
So must slender *Rosalind*;
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to Cart with *Rosalind*;
Sweetest Meat hath sowrest Rind,
Such a Nut is *Rosalind*.

Ros. This is the very false Gallop of Verse; why do you infect yourself with them?

Cæ. But doest thou not wonder, Cofin, how thy Name shou'd be hang'd and carved upon these Trees?

Ros. Look ye here, what I found on a Palm-Tree, I was never so Berhym'd since *Pythagoras's* Time, which I can hardly remember!

Cæ. Tro you who hath done this?

Ros. It is a Man.

Cæ. With a Ribond, you once wore, about his Arm;
Change you Colour?

Ros. I prithee who?

Cæ. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard Matter for Friends to meet; but Mountains may be remov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cæ. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary Vehemence, tell me who it is?

Cæ. Oh wonderful! and most wonderfully wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that out of all hooping.

Ros.

Ros. One Inch of Delay more, and I die before this Discovery. I prithee tell me, who is it? Quickly! and speak apace, is he of Heavens making? What Manner of Man? Is his Head worth a Hat? Or his Chin worth a Beard?

Ca. Nay, he hath but a little Beard.

Ros. Why then I'll stay the Growth of his Beard, if thou delay me not the Knowledge of his Name.

Ca. It is then young Orlando, he who wounded yours and the Fencer's Heart, both in an Instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking? Speak, speak.

Ca. I'faith, Cousin, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando!

Ca. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the Day, what shall I do with these Breeches? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Where went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one Word.

Ca. You must borrow me Garagantua's Mouth first; 'tis a Work too great for any Mouth of this Age's Size; to say at once aye and no together, to be general and particular at once, is beyond my Catechism.

Ros. But does he know that I am in this Forest, and in Mans Apparel? Looks he freshly as he did the Day he fought with Charles the Fencer?

Ca. It is as easy to count Atoms, as to resolve the Propositions of a Lover; but take a Taste of my finding him, and relish it with good Observance: — I found him under an Oak, like a drop'd Acorn.

Ros. It may well be called J o v e's Tree, when it drops such Fruit.

Ca. Give me Audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

D

Ca.

Ca. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded Knight.

Ros. Tho' it be pity to see such a Sight, it well becomes the Ground.

Ca. Cry Holla to thy Tongue, I prithee, it cures unreasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ros. Oh ominous! he comes to kill my Heart.

Ca. I would sing my Song without a Burthen, you put me out of Tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a Woman? What I think I must speak: Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ca. You put me out; ——— Soft; Comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he, let us steal by and note him.

Jaques. I thank you for your Company, though, good Faith, I had as lieve been alone.

Orl. And so had I, but yet for Fashion Sake, I thank you too for your Society.

Jaques. Good b'w'you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better Strangers.

Jaques. I pray ye mar no more Trees with writing Love-Songs in their Barks.

Orl. I pray you mar no more of my Verses with reading 'em ill-favour'dly.

Jaques. *Rosalind* is your Love's Name.

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her Name.

Orl. There was no Thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaques. What Stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my Heart: But why are you thus curious? You who are an obstinate Heretick in the Despight of Beauty, and the whole Female World.

Jaques.

Jaques. That a Woman conciev'd me I thank her :
That she brought me up I likewise give her my
most hearty Thanks; but that I will have a Recheate
winded in my Forehead all Women shall pardon me :
Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust
any, I will trust none.

Orl. I shall see thee e're I die look pale with
Love.

Jaques. With Anger, with Sickneſs, or with Hun-
ger, not with Love; prove that ever I looſe more
Blood with Love than I ſhall get again with a Bottle,
pick out my Eyes with a Ballad-maker's Pen, and
hang me up at the Door of a Brothel-houſe for the
Sign of blind *Cupid*.

Orl. If thou ſhould'ſt fall from this Faith.

Jaques. If I do, hang me in a Bottle like a Cat,
and ſhoot at me, and he that hits me let him be
clap'd on the Shoulder and call'd *Adam*.

Orl. In Time the Savage Bull did bear the Yoke.

Jaques. The Savage Bull may, but if ever the
ſenſible *Jaques* does, pluck off the Bull's Horns and
ſet them in my Forehead, and let me be vilely
painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write,
Here are Horſes to be let; let them ſignify under
my Sign, Here liveth *Jaques* the marry'd Man.

Orl. If *Cupid* hath not ſpent all his Quiver, thou
wou't quake for this ſhortly.

Jaques. Hah! what have we here, a Wood Nymph
and a Shepherd, theſe Animals are not of our
Growth ſure?

Orl. By their Habits and Mien you need not
bluſh to own them; Are you ſure they are human?

Jaques. Let us try and accoſt them, however, in
human Terms.

Ros. to Cæ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy Lac-
quey, and under that Habit play the Knave with
him: Do you hear, Foreſter?

[Jaques talks with Cælia, they walk in another Glade of the Forest, while the Scene continues between Rosalind and Orlando.]

Orl. Very well — What wou'd you?

Ros. I pray you, what is it a Clock?

Orl. You shou'd ask me what Time o'the Day, there is no Clock in the Forest.

Ros. Then there is no true Lover in the Forest, Sighing else every Minute, and Groaning every Hour, wou'd detect the lazy Foot of Time as well as a Clock.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty Youth?

Ros. With the Shepherdess you saw with me, my Sister, here in the Skirts of the Forest, like Fringe upon a Petticoat.

Orl. Are you Native of this Place?

Ros. As the Rabbit, which you see dwells where she is kindled.

Orl. Your Accent seems to be something finer than you cou'd purchase in so remoted a Dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many, but indeed an old religious Uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his Youth an Inland Man, one that knew Courtship too well, for there he fell in Love. I have heard him read many Lectures against it: I thank Heaven I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddy Offences as he hath generally tax'd the whole Sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal Evils that he laid to the Charge of Women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another as Half-pence are; every Fault seeming monstrous, till the Fellow Fault appear'd to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my Physick but on those that are sick. There is a Man haunts this Forest that abuses our young Plants with carving

Rosalind

Rosalind on their Barks; hangs Odes upon Hawthorns; and Elegies on Brambles; all, forsooth, Deifying the Name of *Rosalind*. If I cou'd meet that Fancy-Monger, I wou'd give him good Counsel, for he seems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he so Love shaken; I pray you tell me your Remedy.

Ros. There are none of my Uncle's Marks upon you, he taught me how to know a Man in Love; in which Cage of Rushes I am sure you are no Prisoner.

Orl. What where his Marks?

Ros. A lean Cheeck, which you have not; a blue Eye, and sunk, which you have not; a Beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no Beard is a younger Brother's Revenue: Then your Hose shou'd be ungarter'd, your Bonnet unbanded, your Sleeve unbutton'd, your Shoe unbuckled, and every Thing about you demonstrating a careless Desolation: But you are no such Man, you are rather Point Device in your Accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the Lover of any other.

Orl. Fair Youth, I wou'd I cou'd make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the Points in which Women still give the Lie to their Consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the Verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so much admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, Youth, by the white Hand of *Rosalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in Love, as your Rhymes speak;

Orl. Neither Rhyme, nor Reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is meerly a Madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark House, and a Whip, as mad Men do: And the Reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the Lunacy is so general, that the Whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by Counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this Manner: He was to imagine me his Love, his Mistress; and I set him every Day to woo me. At which Time wou'd I, being but a Moonish Youth, grieve, be Effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of Tears, full of Smiles, for every Passion something, and for no Passion truly any thing, as Boys and Women are for the most Part Birds of this Colour: Wou'd now like him, now loath him, then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; till I drove this Suitor from his mad Humour of Love to a living Humour of Madness; which was to forswear the full Stream of the World, and to live in a Nook meerly Monastical: And thus I cured him, and this Way will I take upon me to wash your Liver as clear as a sound Sheep's Heart; that there shall not be one Spot of Love in it.

Orl. I wou'd not be cured, Youth.

Ros. I wou'd cure you if you wou'd but call me *Rosalind*, and come every Day to my Cave and woo me.

Orl. Now by the Faith of my Love I will, tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me, and I will show it you; and by the Way you shall tell me where in the Forest you live. — Will you go?

Orl. With all my Heart, good Youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me *Rosalind*.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Rosalind.*]

Jaques and Celia coming forward.

Ca. A Philosopher! what Sort of a Play-thing is that?

Jaques. A Thing that very oft sets up for Probity and Wisdom without one Ounce of either; it is generally Self-sufficient, seldom just, and always sower, more abounding in Ill-nature than Knowledge.

Ca. Oh, Knowledge ill inhabited, worse than *Love* in a thatch'd House.

Jaques. Are you honest?

Ca. If I had any Neighbours you might ask them.

Jaques. I hope you are not.

Ca. Why so, wou'd you not have me honest?

Jaques. No truly, unless thou wer't hard favour'd, for Honesty coupled with Beauty is to make Honey Sauce for Sugar.

Ca. Then you allow me handsome?

Jaques. Destructively handsome! I fancy too you have Understanding; but peradventure my Head takes Instructions from my Heart, for that, I feel by its Palpitation, gallops away in your Praise most dangerously.

Ca. You'll be in Love if you do not take good Heed, Signior Philosopher, — You have some Symptoms, have you not?

Jaques. I doubt so — Yet I hope not — When I lean'd my Shoulder against yours to read *Orlando's* Verses, I caught a Tingling; aye, — here it is still; and creeps every Moment more and more into my Blood. —

Ca. Well, — be a faithful Servant, and I will use you kindly.

Jaques. What a Bound has that given my Spirits! Hark ye, will you, — tell Nobody of it tho' — will you marry me?

Cæ. Oh, you begin where you shou'd end, my true Knight; two Years hence, after many Services and various Adventures, it will be Time enough, sure, to ask that solemn Question.

Jaques. Two Years! What? How? Must I then, must I work in the Gallies two whole Years?

Cæ. In the Gallies, heyday ——— You wicked Thing; you're a Suitor indeed, Ha, ha, —

Jaques. Well, then I will flatter thee like thy Glafs.

Cæ. Truth, good sound Truth, is Food substantial enough for my Pride.

Jaques. Thou shalt be as humourous as thy sick Dog, thy Passions shall have no other Masters than thy Desires; thy ———

Cæ. Hold, hold, you are Railing on me, while you intend to praise me; indeed you do not make Love, but suffer it, it seems, to be in Spight of your Will.

Jaques. Wou'd it were in Spight of my Heart too; but that is a Renegade, and has left its Master.

Cæ. Well said, sigh a little; you'll soon trot easy in your Harness.

Jaques. But as I said before — will you — 'tis a hard Word, but will you marry me?

Cæ. Two Years hence, if my Brother *Ganymede* consents, for without his Consent I am sworn not to convey myself away; if your Inclinations are the same, and mine alter, — why then we will talk this Matter over once again.

Jaques. I will ask your Brother's Consent.

Cæ. That you may, and have an Answer, depend upon it; but now you have put me in Mind that I have miss'd him too long, that Way I think he went ——— Adieu,

[Exit *Cælia*.
Jaques.

Jaques. Fare you well, Lady — I am a Turk, an errant Miscreant, if I am not in Love, horribly, strangely in Love! what! to have my Spirits caught at last by a Pair of bugle Eyeballs, and a Cheek of Cream — I shall be the Jest of the World, I shall have Quirk and Witticisms broke on me innumerable, — Because I have railed on Marriage: — Why — Appetites alter, and one may love in his Age, I hope, what he cou'd not endure in his Youth. And yet if a Man were of a fearful Heart, he might stagger a little in this Attempt; and wou'd my Mistress marry me, which bears a Question likewise, we have here no Temple but the Wood, no Assembly but horned Beasts, — Horns, — Aye, they may be a Wife's Dowry, 'tis plain they can not be a Man's own getting; — And yet the noblest married Man hath them as huge as the Rascal; — Is a Batchelor, therefore, more honourable than a Husband? — No, as a walled Town is worthier than a Village, by so much is the armed Forehead of a married Man more honourable than the bare Brow of a Batchelor. — Surely this Wound is not very dangerous that I can tickle myself thus with scratching it: — I do not know how it is, — I am in a silly Way, — Well — Well — We are all Babies, and cry ourselves sick for Play-things that we throw away the Moment after we have them.

[*Exit Jaques.*

Re-enter Cælia and Rosalind

Ros. I met the Duke Yesterday, and had much Question with him, he asked me of what Parentage I was, I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let me go: But what talk we of Fathers when there is such a Man as *Orlando*,

Cæ. But

Ca. But as I was saying, Coz, this Bluntness of *Jaques* becomes him, it is so unaffected; I think my Heart does incline a little to the Philosopher.

Ros. Then *Orlando's* Hair; aye, his Hair is of the dissembling Colour.

Ca. Then *Jaques's* Love looks a little awkward; it does not sit so easy on him; but his Words are full of Sincerity.

Ros. No faith, his Hair is of a good Colour.

Ca. I think he has got an Inch or two into my Heart.

Ros. Ah me! I am fifty Fathom deep in Love, I shall never recover it.

Ca. Lord, you can think of nothing but *Orlando*; but now I beg, I petition for a Word or two in Behalf of my Servant Senior *Jaques*.

Ros. *Orlando* swore he would come again presently, is he not a true Lover, think you?

Ca. As hollow as a cover'd Goblet, or a Worm-eaten Nut.

Ros. Yet he swore he was true.

Ca. Aye, so they do all, but they tell us, Cousin, and I tremble to think of it, that the Oath of a Lover is not to be depended on; but our Lovers are Courtiers too, and attend here on the Duke your Father, in this Forest: Now as Courtiers they have a certain Right to Promise-breaking.

Ros. No Matter, *Orlando* is not, can not, will not, shall not be false.

Ca. Oh he is a brave Man, writes brave Verses, speaks brave Words, swears brave Oaths, and notwithstanding your Resolution, Mademoiselle, he may break them as bravely. But what say you to Senior *Jaques*, once again? Will he make a good Husband?

Ros. Aye, a good Workyday Husband; you must have another for Sundays; but indeed your wife Fools make the best Lovers, 'tis your ——— impenetrable

netrable Block only, that is ungovernable; thro' the Head of a wise Man there is a beaten Path to his Heart, that every Woman knows.

Ca. But your Advice, your Advice.

Ros. Alas, thou knowest I am sick of thy Distemper, and I must find a Cure for my own Malady before I presume to prescribe to thine. [Exeunt.

The End of the Third ACT.



The



The Fourth ACT.

Jaques and Rosalind.

Jaques. I Come, young Shepherd, in the Name of that wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward Boy; Regent of Rhiming, Lord of folded Arms, anointed Soveriegn of Sighs and Groans, Don Cupid — ! ———

Ros. Say you so! Sir, Monsieur *Jaques* himself! is he enlisted in this blind Prince's Regiment of fighting Ideots.

Jaques. Aye — I wear his Colours, I love, I sue, I ask a Wife; prithee do not laugh at me, aye, I wou'd have a Woman — A Thing that is like a German Clock, always repairing ——— Ever out of Tune ——— Yes I am shot — Thumt with the Boy's Bird-bolt under the Left Pap — Faith. ——— Will you grant my Petition?

Ros. What! do all the Fools in Love's Hospital take me for their Physitian?

Jaques. I, that have been Love's Whip; — a very Beadle to a humourous Sigh.

Ros. But who are you in Love with?

Jaques. A Woman, I tell you — A whitely Wanton with a Velvet Brow, with two Pitch Balls stuck in her Face for Eyes. — I pray, I wish, I interceed, I petition, will you give me your Consent, aye, or no. ———

Ros. Who is she?

Jaques.

Love in a Forest.

Jaques. Don't you see her in my Face? Is not her Name in my Forehead already?

Ros. No really, as yet I think you have a smooth Brow, her Name, her Name!

Jaques. The Lady, your Sister, *Aliena* I think you call her, the Gentlewoman your Companion and Friend.

Ros. With her! why you are utterly undone, she is as wild as a Feather, with an Understanding as perverse as a Fool's Jest, or a Child's Wish, Ha, ha, — how awkwardly it fits upon thee — Is it then possible that thy solemn Gravity shou'd relax into Wantonness at last?

Jaques. Aye! so it is, I do worship, yes I fall down, I am touch'd in the Liver Vein it seems, and have learn'd the Trick to turn a Green-Goose into a Deity — flat Idolatry! — Heaven mend me, I am much out o'the Way.

Ros. Aye, go thy Ways, and scourge thy self with thy own Discipline till thy Shoulders bleed, it is not my Business to injoin thee a Penance.

Jaques. Why then give me your Consent to be reveng'd on me for my Impertinence — Can you punish me more?

Ros. Why, Man, thy Sins, tho' they may be many and great, have hardly merited this Castigation; if you die of this Folly, you shall have a Stake thrust thro' you, and be bury'd in the Highway.

Jaques. I have a Stake thro' me — Here it is — Shall I have your Consent?

Ros. Never, *St. Cupid* be my Witness, never.

Jaques. Your Reason?

Ros. You are so rough, it will be impossible to polish you into a modern Husband.

Jaques. Why so?

Ros. Can that inflexible proud Heart of thine bend and be nealed into a commode, passive, obedient, necessary, blind, credulous Convenience, call'd

call'd a Husband? Why you rattle your Chains already like a raving Lunatic; what will you do, grave Sir, when you are shut up and shaved?

Jaques. Do, thrust thy Wit thro' and thro' me, cut me to Pieces with Satyr, I am an Ass to set up for a Lover, I confess my self a very Ass in Harness — I have not one Taffety Phrase, not a Silken Syllable — Well, Sir, you mean me well, I thank you, I will try to recover my Liberty, I will endeavour — If I am cured, and ever catch the Plague at my Eyes again — Fare you well. [Exit Jaques.]

Ros. This Fellow's Reason has brought an Action against his Love; but it will go for the Defendant I see — Heigh ho, so it must be.

Enter Orlando and Celia.

Orl. My fair *Rosalind*, I come with all the Speed I cou'd, and within an Hour of my Promise, as your fair Sister here will witness,

Ros. Break an Hour's Promise in Love? He that will divide a Minute into a thousand Parts, and break but one Part of the thousandth Part of a Minute in the Affairs of Love, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clap'd him o'the Shoulder; but I will warrant him Heart whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my Sight, I had as lieve be woo'd of a Snail.

Orl. Of a Snail!

Ros. Aye, of a Snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his House on his Head; a better Jointure I think than you can make a Woman; besides, he brings his Destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros.

Ros. Why Horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your Wives for; but he comes armed in his Forehead, and prevents the Slander of his Wife.

Orl. My *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cæ. It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better Leer than you.

Ros. Come woo me, woo me, for now I am in a Holyday Humour, and like enough to consent; Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some Joy to say you are, because I wou'd be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her Person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this Mind, for I protest, her Frown might kill me.

Ros. By this Hand it will not kill a Flie; but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming Disposition, and ask what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, *Fridays*, and *Saturdays*; and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Aye, and twenty such. Come then, Sister, you shall be the Priest and marry us. Give me your Hand, *Orlando*; What do you say, Sister?

Orl. Prithee marry us.

Cæ. I cannot say the Words.

Ros. You must begin, Will you *Orlando* —

Cæ. Well then, Will you *Orlando* have to Wife this *Rosalind*?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Aye, but how long?

Orl. For ever and a Day.

Ros.

Ros. Say a Day, without the ever; No, no, *Orlando*, Men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they are married; Maids are *May* when they are Maids, but the Sky changes when they are Wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* Cock-Pidgeon over his Hen, more clamorous than a Parrot against Rain, more new fangled than an Ape, more giddy in my Desires than a Monkey; when you are disposed to be merry, I will weep for nothing, weep like *Diana* in the Fountain; and when you are sad, I will laugh like the *Hyana*, and that too when you are inclined to Sleep.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

Ros. By my Life she will do as I do.

Orl. Oh but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she cou'd not have the Wit to do this, the wiser the waywarder, make the Doors fast upon a Woman's Wit and it will out at the Casement; shut that, and 'twill away through the Key-hole; stop that too, and it will fly with the Smoak up the Chimney.

Orl. But will you, when you shall see my sweet, my dear *Rosalind*, will you be my Voucher that she ought to give Credit to my Oaths, will you tell her you know, and are a Witness to the Sincerity and Ardour of my Love.

Ros. Oh no — I will tell her no such Thing, too well I know what Sort of Faith we Men to Women owe, my Father had a Daughter lov'd a Man; as it might be, perhaps, were I a Woman, I might love you.

Orl. And what is her History?

Ros. A Blank, she never told her Love, but let Concealment, like a Worm i'th Bud, feed on her Damask Cheek; she pined in Thought; and with a green and yellow Melancholly, she sat like Patience on a Monument, smiling at Grief —

Orl.

Orl. Alafs, poor Maid ——— Well, my dear *Rosalind*, for these two Hours I will leave thee.

Ros. Alafs, dear Love, I cannot be without thee two Hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at Dinner; by two a Clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Aye, go your Ways, go your Ways, I knew what you wou'd prove, my Friends told me as much, and I thought no less, that flattering Tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so come Death: Two o'the Clock is your Hour.

Orl. Aye, my sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my Troth, and in good earnest, and so Heav'n mend me; and by all pretty Oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one Jot of your Promise, or come one Minute behind your Hour, I will think you the most pathological Break-Promise, and the most hollow Lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross Band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my Censure and keep your Promise.

Orl. With no less Religion, than if thou wer't indeed my *Rosalind* — so Adieu.

Ros. Well — Time is the old Justice that examines all such Offenders, and let Time try Adieu.

[Exit Orlando.]

Celia and Rosalind.

Cæ. You have misus'd our Sex in your Love-Prate.

Ros. Oh Coz, Coz, Coz — my pretty little Coz — How many Fathom deep are we two in Love? Our Affections have an unknown Bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cæ. I wish they are not rather Bottomless — that as fast as we pour Affections in they run out again.

E

Ros. No,

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madness; that blind Rascally Boy that abuses every Body's Eyes because his own are out, let him be Judge how deep I am in Love — I will tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot live out of the Sight of *Orlando*; I'll go find a Shadow, and Sigh till he returns,

Ce. And I will go sleep, sleep peaceably, if *Jacquess*, alas, does not break in upon my Slumbers.

[*Exeunt.*]

Amiens, Lords, and Foresters.

Amiens. Which is he that killed the Deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Amiens. We will present him to the Duke like a Roman Conqueror, and it wou'd do well to set the Deer's Horns upon his Head for a Branch of Victory: Have you no Song, Forester, for this Purpose?

Forester. Yes, Sir.

Amiens. Sing it, 'tis no Matter how it is in Tune, so it makes Noise enough.

Forester sings.

What shall he have that kill'd the Deer?

His leathern Skin, and Horns to wear:

Then sing him Home,

Sing him Home. [the Burthen by all.]

Take thou no Scorn, to wear the Horn,

It was a Crest e'er thou wer't born;

Thy Father's Father wore it,

And thy Father bore it,

The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,

Is not a Thing to laugh to Scorn:

Then sing him Home, sing him Home. [Exeunt.]

Rosalind

Love in a Forest.

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Rosalind and Cælia.

Ros. And yet we hear nothing of *Orlando* —
How say you, is it not past two a Clock?

Cæ. I warrant thee he will come with a pure
Heart and a troubled Brain.

Enter Robert du Bois.

Rob. Good Sir, one Word! I pray you, do you
know

Where in the Purlieus of this Forest stands
A Sheepcote fenced about with Olive Trees?

Cæ. West of this Place down in the Neighbour
Bottom,

The Rank of *Osiers* by the murmuring Stream,
Left on the Right Hand, brings you to the Place;
But at this Hour the House doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Rob. I think I know you both by your Description,
Such Garments, and such Years; the Boy is fair,
Of Female Favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe Sister: But the Woman
Browner than her Brother. Are not you
The Owners of the House I did inquire for?

Cæ. We are.

Rob. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that Youth he calls his *Rosalind*
He sends this bloody Handkerchief: Are you he?

Ros. I am! What must we understand by this?

Rob. When last the young *Orlando* parted from
you,

He left a Promise to return again
Within an Hour; and pacing thro' the Forest,
Chewing the Food of sweet and bitter Fancy,
Lo what besel! he threw his Eye aside,
And mark what Object did present itself,

Under an old Oak, whose Boughs were moss'd with
Age,

And high Top bald with dry Antiquity :

A wretched Man, o'erpower'd with Sleep and Travel,
Lay on his Back, around his naked Neck

A green and gilded Snake had wreath'd itself,

And with indented Glides did slip away

Into a Bush, under whose gloomy Shade

A Lioness, with Udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching Head on Ground, with Cat-like watch

When that the sleeping Man shou'd stir; for 'tis

The Royal Disposition of that Beast

To prey on nothing that does seem as dead ;

This seen, *Orlando* did approach the Man,

And found it was his Brother, his youngest Brother.

Cæ. Oh! I have heard him speak of that same
Brother

With much Concern, and natural Tenderness,

As left behind under the cruel Guardianship

Of his most cruel eldest Brother *Oliver*.

Ros. But to *Orlando*, did he leave him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lioness?

Rob. No, he gave Battle to the furious Beast,

Who quickly fell before him : In the Hurley,

From miserable Slumber I awoke,

Cæ. Are you his Brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cæ. We give you Joy, your Brother's Noble Spirit
Appears in every Action of his Life.

Ros. Oh! my Heart beats; ——— but, Sir, the
bloody Handkerchief?

Rob. By and by ———

When from the first to last between us two

Tears our Recountments had most kindly bathed,

As how I came into that Desert Place,

He led me instantly unto his Cave,

There stripped himself, and here upon his Arm

The Lioness had torn some Flesh away,

Which

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Rosalind*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his Wound,
When after some small Space being strong at Heart,
He sent me hither, Stranger as I am,
To tell this Story, that you might excuse
His broken Promise, and to give this Handkerchief,
Dy'd in his Blood, unto the Shepherd-Youth
That he in Sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

[*Rob. swoons into Cælia's Arms.*]

Cæ. Why how now, *Ganymede*, sweet *Ganymede*!

Rob. Many will swoon when they but look on
Blood.

Cæ. There is no more in it: Brother *Ganymede*!

Rob. Look, he recovers.

Cæ. I pray you take him by the Arm.

Rob. Be of good Cheer, Youth; — You a Man!
You lack a Man's Heart.

Rob. I do so, I confess it; — Ah! — A Body
woud think this was well counterfeited: I pray
you tell your Brother how well I counterfeited:
Heigh-ho —

Cæ. Came you, Sir, from the Court of *Frederick*
directly.

Rob. From thence expressly to the banish'd Duke,
'And partly, too, to bring *Orlando* News
Of our unnatural elder Brother's Death,
And of his Lands and antient Patrimony
Descended to him by this Accident.

Rob. What Accident, I pray you?

Rob. He died convicted of most foul Designs,
And *Charles* confess'd, with his last dying Breath,
The Fencer, *Charles*, whom he in single Combat
Subdued, confess'd, that *Oliver* practis'd with him;
He was suborn'd by *Oliver* to impeach
Orlando as a Traitor. — *Frederick*
Resolv'd to punish him; but he prevented,

With a despairing Hand, the Sword of Justice,
And fell a Martyr to his own Misdoings.

Ca. We hide our Deeds from Heav'n, as Children do
Their Eyes from Daylight, and because we see not,
Believe we walk unseen.

Ros. Come, Sir, this Story feeds your Melancholly,
You shall retire and take within our Cottage
What small Refreshment there you'll find.

Rob. I pray you first inform me, gentle Sir,
Where in the Confines of this Forest dwells
Our good *Alberto*, with his banish'd Nobles,
I have some Business there, of such Import,
No Minutes shou'd be lost.

Ros. ——— Then but a Minute,
And we'll conduct you to the good Duke's Cave.

Rob. I thank you, and will follow.

Ros. This Way, Sir; — Wee will attend you.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Orl. As yet your Fever does not intermit, but
what will become of you in the cold Fit.

Jaques. I shall take the Jesuit's Bark of Matrimony.

Orl. A-Specifick.

Jaques. I have had much Bustle with my Heart to
little Purpose; prithee ask him, this *Ganymede*, thou
hast an Interest there, ask his Consent, the Woman
has agreed — We want his Approbation only.

Orl. And you persist ———

Jaques. I will die a Martyr to my Folly.

Orl. Enough, I will engage your Brother *Ganymede*,
and your Wedding shall be to Morrow; thither
will I invite the Duke and all his contented
Followers,

Love in a Forest.

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Followers, go you and prepare *Aliena*, for look you here comes my *Rosalind*. [Exit Jaques.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy Arm in a Scarfe. Did your Brother tell you how I counterfeited Fainting, when he shewed me the Handkerchief.

Orl. Aye, and greater Wonders than that: But I have engaged you to consent that your Sister, and Senior *Jaques* may have Leave legally to go to Bed together.

Ros. *Aliena* has my Approbation; in a Word, the good People are in the very Wrath of Love and they will together whether I will or no, Clubs cannot part 'em——

Orl. They shall be marry'd to Morrow, and I will bid the Duke to their Nuptials. But oh how bitter a Thing it is to look into Happiness through another Man's Eyes; by so much the more shall I to Morrow be the heavier in my Heart, by how much I shall think my Friend *Jaques* happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to Morrow, I cannot serve your Turn for *Rosalind*.

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. Know then that since I was seven Years old I have conversed with a Magitian, most profound in his Art and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind*, and so near the Heart as you say, when *Jaques* marries *Aliena*, you shall marry her; I know into what Streights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it is not inconvenient to you, to set her before your Eyes to Morrow; human as she is and without any Danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober Meaning?

Ros. By my Life I do, which I tender dearly, tho' I say I am a Magitian; therefore put on your best Looks, for if you will be married to Morrow you shall, and to *Rosalind* if you will. Look ye, here comes another Pair of Lovers, even the captivated *Jaques*, and his Conquerour.

Enter Jaques and Celia.

Ca. Good Shepherd, tell us what it is to Love?

Ros. It is to be made all of Sighs and Tears.
It is to be all made of Fantasy,
All made of Passion, and all made of Wishes.
All Adoration; Duty, and Observance.

Jaques. And so am I for *Aliena*.

Ca. And I for *Jaques*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no Woman. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Wolves against the Moon, to Morrow you agree to meet me, all together, before the Duke; if he will give his Approbation, you shall be marry'd to Morrow; I will content you, *Orlando*, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be marry'd to Morrow; as you love *Rosalind*, meet, as you love *Celia*, meet, as you love *Jaques*, meet, and as I love no Woman I will meet. So fare you well, I have left you my Commands.

Ca. I will not fail, if I live.

Jaques. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

The End of the Fourth ACT.



The



The Fifth A C T.

Duke Alberto, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Cælia.

Duke. **D**oest thou believe, Orlando, that the Boy,
This little, prating, buisy *Ganymede*,
Can do all this that he hath promised.

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do
not.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. Patience once more, while our Compact is
urged,

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind* [to the Duke,
You will bestow her on Orlando here.

Duke. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with
her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her when I
bring her.

Orl. That wou'd I, were I of all Kingdoms King;
Tho' to have her and Death were equal both.

Ros. Well! I engage to make these Matters even,
Keep you your Word, O Duke, to give your Daugh-
ter;

You yours, Orlando, to recieve his Daughter;
Keep you your Word that you will marry *Jaques*,
And you, that you, with Transport, will recieve her;
And hence I go to make these Doubts all even
In half the Circle but of sixty Minutes. [Exit Ros.

[and Cælia.

Duke.

Duke. I do remember in this Sheepherd Boy,
Some lively Touches of my Daughter's Favour.

Orl. My Liege, the first Time that I ever saw
him,

Methought he was a Brother to your Daughter;
But, my good Lord, this Boy is Forest born
And hath been tutor'd in the Rudiments
Of many desperate Studies, by his Uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian
Obscured within the Circle of this Forest.

Duke. Come, now what Entertainment shall we
have

To waste this half an Age, this long half Hour,
When *Ganymede* has promis'd to perform
These Miracles of Love.

Jaques. A Play there is, my Liege, some ten
Words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a Play;
But by ten Words, my Lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: For in all the Play
There is not one Word apt, one Player fitted,
And tragical, my noble Lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself;
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine Eyes Water; but more merry Tears
The Passion of loud Laughter never shed.

Duke. What are they that do play it?

Jaques. Some Citizens of *Liege*, who from pure
Hearts

And loyal Love have follow'd your bad Fortune,
Who never labour'd in their Minds till now,
And they design at least to entertain.

Duke. I'll hear this Play, nothing can be amiss:
Simplicity and Duty make it grateful.
Where I have come, great Clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated Welcomes;
And I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make Periods in the midst of Sentences,

Throttle

Throttle their practis'd Accents in their Fears,
And in Conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a Welcome. Trust me, Friends,
Out of this Silence, yet I pick'd a Welcome,
And in the Modesty of fearful Duty
I read much more than from the rattling Tongues
Of sawcy and audacious Eloquence.

Jaques. So please your Grace, the Prologue is
address'd.

Duke. Let him approach.

*Enter Quince as Prologue, speaking very fast and
without Stops.*

Quince. If we offend it is with our Good Will
That you shou'd think we come not to offend
But with Good Will to shew our Simple Skill
That is the true Beginning of our End
Consider then we come but in Despight
We do not come as minding to content you
Our true Intent is all for your Delight
We are not here that you shou'd here repent
you

The Actors are at Hand and by their Show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

Duke. This Fellow doth not stand upon Points.

Jaques. He hath rid his Prologue like a rough
Colt: He knows not to stop; a Good Moral, Sir; it
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Duke. He hath play'd on his Prologue, like a
Child on the Recorder, a Sound, but not in Govern-
ment.

Jaques. His Speech was like a tangled Chain; no-
thing impaired, but all disorder'd. Who is the
next?

Enter

Love in a Forest.

Enter Wall.

Wall. In this same Interlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by Name) present a Wall;
And such a Wall, as I wou'd have you think,
That had in it a crannied Hole, or Chink;
Thro' which the Lovers *Pyramus* and *Thisby*
Did whisper often very secretly.
This Loam, this Rough-cast, and this Stone doth
show

That I am that same Wall; the Truth is so.
And this the Cranny is, right, and sinister,
Thro' which the fearful Lovers are to whisper.

Duke. Wou'd you desire Lime and Hair to speak
better?

Orl. This is the wittiest Partition that ever I
heard Discourse.

Duke. See *Pyramus*, I suppose; he draws near.
Silence.

Enter *Pyramus*.

Pyr. O grim look'd Night! O Night with hue so
black!

O Night which ever art, when Day is not!

O Night, O Night, alack, alack, alack,

I fear my *Thisby's* Promise is forgot:

And thou, O *Wall*, thou sweet and lovely *Wall*,

Shew me thy Chink to blink thro' with mine Ey'n.

Thanks, courteous *Wall*; *Jove* shield thee well for
this.

But what see I? — No *Thisby* do I see.

O wicked *Wall*, thro' whom I see no Bliss,

Curfs'd be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

Duke. The *Wall* methinks, being sensible, shou'd
curse again.

Pyr. No,

Pyr. No, in Truth Sir, but he shou'd not, deceiving me, aye that is *Thisby's* Cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her thro' the Wall: You shall see it will happen just as I tell you: Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

Thisby. O *Wall*! full often hast thou heard my Moans For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me; My Cherry Lips hath often kiss'd thy Stones, Thy Stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a Voice; now will I to the Chink, To spy an I can hear my *Thisby's* Face — *Thisby* —

Thisby. My Love thou art, my Love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lover's Grace, And like *Limandar* am I trusty still.

Thisby. And I like *Helen* till the Fates me kill,

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

Thisby. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus* I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me thro' the Hole of this vile *Wall*.

Thisby. I kiss the *Wall's* Hole, not your Lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's* Tomb meet me strait way?

Thisby. Tide Life, Tide Death, I come without

Delay. *[Exeunt Pyr. and Thisby.]*

Wall. Thus have I, *Wall*, my Part discharged so, And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go.

[Exit Wall.]

Orl. This is the silliest Stuff that ever I heard.

Duke. The best in this Kind are but Shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them.

Orl. And yet if we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent Men. Here come two noble Beasts in a Man and a Lion.

Enter

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, Ladies, you (whose gentle Hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous Mouse that creeps on Floor)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When *Lion* rough in wildest Rage doth roar;
Then know that I one *Sung* the Joiner am,
No *Lion* fell, nor yet no *Lion's* Dam;
For if I shou'd as *Lion* come in Strife
Into this Place, 'twere Pity of my Life.

Duke. A very good Beast, and of a good Con-
science.

Jagues. The very best at a Beast that ever I saw.

Col. This *Lion* is a very Fox for his Valour.

Jagues. And a Goose for his Discretion.

Moon. This *Lanthorn* does the horned Moon pre-
sent.

Jagues. He shou'd have worn the Horns on his
Head.

Moon. This *Lanthorn* does the horned Moon pre-
sent,
Myself the Man i'th' Moon doth seem to be.

Duke. I am weary of this *Moon* already, wou'd
he wou'd change; however, proceed, *Moon*.

Moon. Why all that I have to say is to tell you, that
the *Lanthorn* is the Moon, I the Man in the Moon,
this *Thorn-bush* my *Thorn-bush*, and this *Dog* my
Dog.

Duke.

Love in a Forest.

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Duke. Why all these shou'd be in the Lanthorn;
for they are in the Moon: But Silence; here comes
Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

Thisby. This is old *Ninny's Tomb*, where is my
Love?

Lion. (*Roars.*) Oh [*Lion roars, and Thisby*
[*runs off and leaves her Mantle behind.*

Orl. Well roar'd, *Lion.*

Duke. Well run, *Thisby.*

Jaques. Well shone, *Moon.*

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet *Moon*, I thank thee for thy Sunny
Beams,

I thank thee, *Moon*, for shining now so bright,
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering Streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisby's* Sight.

But stay: O Spight! but mark poor Knight,
What dreadful Dole is here?

Eyes do you see! How can it be!

O dainty Duck: O Deer!

Thy Mantle good, What! stain'd with Blood!

Approach you Furies fell:

O Fates! Come, come; cut Thread and Thrum,

Quail, Crush, Conclude and Quell.

Duke. This Passion, and the Death of a dear
Friend wou'd go near to make a Man look sad.

Pyr. O wherefore Nature didst thou Lions frame!
Since *Lion* wild hath here deflower'd my Dear,
Which is: No, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
Cheer: Come

Come Tears confound: Out Sword, and wound.

The Pap of Py—ramus:

I, that left Pap, where Heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my Soul is in the
Sky;

Tongue lose thy Light, Moon take thy Flight,

Now die, die, die, die, die.

Duke. With the Help of a Surgeon he might yet
recover and prove an As.

Orl. How chance the *Moonshine* is gone before
Thisby comes back and finds her Lover.

Duke. She will find him by Star-Light; and her
Passion and Speech end the Play.

Orl. Methinks she shou'd not use a long one for
such a *Pyramus*, I hope she will be brief.

Enter Thisby.

Thisby. A sleep, my Love? What dead my Dove!

O *Pyramus*, arise:

Speak: Speak! Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A

Tomb must cover my sweet Eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this Cherry Nose, these yellow

Cowslip Cheeks,

Are gone; are gone: Lovers make moan, his Eyes

were green as Leaks,

O Sisters three, Come, come to me, with Hands as

pale as Milk;

Lay him in Gore, since you have shore, with

Sheers, this Thread of Silk.

Tongue not a Word, come trusty Sword, come

Blade my Breast imbrue;

And farewell Friends, thus *Thisby* ends; Adieu,

Adieu, Adieu.

Duke.

Duke. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the Dead.

Orl. Aye, and Wall too.

Pyr. (rising) No, I assure you, the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you, for your Play needs no Excuse, when the Players are all dead there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that wrote it had play'd *Pyramus* and hung himself in *Thisby's* Garter, it wou'd have been a fine Tragedy: And so it is truly, and very notably discharged — No more scraping, but vanish. Look yonder, *Orlando*, your young Magitian is performing his Promise in Form, I see, here they come, Music too. Let us attend them.

Soft Music; Enter Hymen with his Torch, &c. introducing Rosalind in Woman's Cloaths and Cælia

Hymen. Then is there Mirth in Heaven,
When Earthly Things made even,
Accord together.

Good Duke, recieve thy Daughter,
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Tea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her Hand with his,
Whose Heart within his Bosom is.

Ros. (to the Duke) To you I give myself, for I
am yours.

(to Orlando) To you I give myself, for I am
yours.

Duke. If there be Truth in Sight, you are my
Daughter.

F

Orl.

Orl. If there be Truth in Sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Ros. I'll have no Father if thou be not he.
I'll have no Husband if thou be not he.

Hymen. Peace ho! I bar Confusion:
Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange Events.
Here are four that must take Hands,
To joyn in *Hymen's* Bands,
If Truth holds true contents,
You and you no Cross shall part;
You and you are Heart in Heart:
While our Dancers tread a Ring,
Feed yourselves with questioning:
That Reason Wonder may diminish
How we met, and these Things finish.

Duke to Celia. Oh my dear Niece, welcome thou
art to me;
Even, Daughter, welcome in no less Degree.

Enter Robert du Bois.

Rob. Let me have Audience for a Word or two,
I am the youngest Son of old Sir *Rosalind*,
That bring good Tidings to this fair Assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how from Day to Day
Men of great worth resorted to this Forest,
Address'd a mighty Power, which were on Foot
In his own Conduct, purposely to take
His Brother here, and put him to the Sword:
And to the Skirts of this wild Wood he came,
Where meeting with an old Religious Man,
After some Question with him, was converted
Both from his Enterprize, and from the World;
His Crown bequeathing to his banish'd Brother;
And all their Lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true
I do engage my Life.

Duke.

Duke. — Welcome young Man,
Thou offer'it fairly to thy Brother's Wedding;
To one his Lands withheld, and to the other
A Land itself at large, a potent Dukedom.
First in this Forest let us do those Ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, all of this most happy Number
Shall share the good of our returned Fortune
According to the Measure of their States:
~~Mean Time forget this new fall'n Dignity,~~
~~And fall into our rustick Revolvry.~~

A D A N C E.

Duke. Now let us solemnly compleat those Rites,
Which we do trust will end in true Delights.

F I N I S.



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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

I *In Honour to his Name, and this learn'd Age,*
Once more your much lov'd SHAKESPEAR treads
the Stage.

Another Work from that great Hand appears,
His Ore's refin'd, but not impar'd by Years.
Those sacred Truths our Sages coldly tell
In languid Prose, as He describes — we feel.
He looks all Nature thro'; strikes at a Heat
Her various Forms, irregularly Great.

See the Dictator by the Patriot slain,
And the World's mighty Victor bleed again;
His ROMANS, Speak and Act like ROMANS all,
We hear them Thunder in the Capitol :

Quick Cassius raves, and Brutus, sternly good,
Pierces the Father's in the Tyrant's Blood.

In Timon Worldly Friendships we despise,
And View their Flattery with distrustful Eyes.

When Brave Othello's generous Soul is mov'd
By jealous Fraud to murder all he lov'd,

The

P R O L O G U E.

The sympathizing Mind his Sorrow feels,
 And on the painful, pleasing Image dwells;
 We share his Pangs, Aid his imagin'd Grief,
 And give the tortur'd Lover vain Relief.

The Hero, Cavalier, Patriot, and the Man,
 Form in one Character his pious Dame.

New Miracles each Scene arrest the Sight,
 Instruct, and please, give Knowledge and Delight,
 If into lower Life his Pencil strays,

Still his unrivall'd Wit demands the Days;

Superior still, the Comic Force survives

In Falstaff, Shallow, and the Merry Wives.

Now, — As you like it, judge the following Play.

And when you view this Work retriev'd to Day:

Forgive our modern Author's Honest Zeal,

He hath attempted boldly, if not well:

Believe, he only does with Pain, and Care,

Presume to weed the beautiful Parterre.

His whole Ambition does, at most, aspire

To tune the sacred Bard's immortal Lyre;

The Scene from Time and Error to restore,

And give the Stage, from SHAKESPEAR one Play
 more.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Thurmond.

Believe me, Sirs, there are but very few
Would fight, or write, did they know what they
do;

*For Wits, and Bullies are not on Record,
As Fools, and Cowards, till they draw the Sword:
Yet both pursue an empty Sound, a Name,
And bleed, and are ridiculous for F A M E.
Tho' well, tho' certainly they know that none
Enjoy this Phantom, till they're dead and gone;
A Trumpet on a Tomb-stone sounds but quaint,
And tho' the Notes are mellow, they are faint.*

*I don't well understand our Rhiming Blade,
Wherefore must LOVE be in a Forest made?
In Courts, indeed, he plumes his Purple Wings;
But Cottages are cold, and lifeless Things.
In the gay Town from Foy, to Foy we rove,
The Charms of dear Variety to prove;
Assemblies, Musick, Masquerade., and Plays,
Relieve the weary'd Mind a thousand Ways.*

Tell

EPILOGUE.

Tell us, ye Fair, are Fields, and Trees, and Daws;
A Sight to be prefer'd to Bells and Beans?
 Behold there Country Spouse, and Rural 'Squire,
 In a long Winter's Night by Log-wood Fire,
 Dirty and dull; ——— to every Pleasure lost,
 The Fair wou'd fain forget she was a Toast:
 In her white Arms now snores a hunting Warrior
 Till wak'd by Horns to follow Fox with Terrier:
 They eat, they sleep, they like their Trees decay,
 Grow old, and bald, and Vegetate away.

Give us, who wake, Joys to dull Souls unknown,
 The circulating Pleasures of the Town;
 I mean those Pleasures that best a Mind,
 By regular and virtuous Laws refine;
 Such may the STAGE continue still to give,
 May such alone your just Applause receive;
 Pass then the Failures of our Writer's Pen,
 And pardon what you find a guiltless Scene.
 As here by reasonable JOYs you're mov'd,
 Be this, your noblest Pleasure, best approv'd.

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